

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

August 15th, 1877.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS
For New York, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m. 3.57 p. m.
For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, a. m. and 2.40 and 3.57 p. m.
For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. and 2.00 3.57 and 7.55.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS
Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.50 and 7.45 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m., 3.40, and 7.20 p. m.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS
Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.50 and 7.45 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m., 3.40, and 7.20 p. m.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS
Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.50 and 7.45 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m., 3.40, and 7.20 p. m.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION.

On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, passenger trains will run as follows:

EAST.
Mifflintown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday.
Johnstown Ex. 12.22 p. m., daily except Sunday.
Atlantic Express, 9.54 p. m., daily except Sunday.

WEST.
Way Pass. 9.08 a. m., daily.
Mail, 2.45 p. m., daily except Sunday.
Mifflintown Acc. 6.55 p. m., daily except Sunday.

DUNCANNON STATION.

On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows:

EASTWARD.
Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 12 A. M.
Johnstown Ex. 12.53 P. M., daily except Sunday.
Atlantic Express 10.20 P. M., daily (flag).

D. F. QUIGLEY & CO.,

Would respectfully inform the public that they have opened a new Saddlery Shop in Bloomfield, on Carlisle Street, two doors North of the Foundry, where they will manufacture HARNESS OF ALL KINDS, Saddles, Brides, Collars, and every thing usually kept in a first-class establishment.

KINGSFORD'S Oswego Starch

Is the BEST and MOST ECONOMICAL in the World. Is perfectly PURE—free from acids and other foreign substances that irritate the Lining. Is STRONGER than any other—requiring much less quantity in using. Is UNIFORM—stiffens and finishes work always the same.

PATENTS.

Fee Reduced. Entire Cost \$55. Patent Office Fee \$35 in advance, balance \$20 within 6 months after patent allowed. Advice and examination free. Patents Sold.

500 AGENTS WANTED to canvass for a GRAND PICTURE, 22x28 inches, entitled "THE ILLUSTRIATED LORD'S PRAYER."

REMOVAL.

The undersigned has removed his Leather and Harness Store from Front to High Street, near the Penn'a. Freight Depot, where he will have on hand, and will sell at REDUCED PRICES.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration on the estate of John Kunkle late of Marysville Borough, Perry county Penn'a. deceased, have been granted to the undersigned in the same place.

A BOY'S ADVENTURE.

JOHN LINK was sent in haste on an errand to his uncle's, a mile distant. His way led along a well trodden path across a belt of woods.

It was in Western Pennsylvania in the dark days of Indian wars; but the savages had not been seen in that vicinity for some time, so that no danger was feared for the lad on such a short trip. Indeed, he had passed over the same road almost every day since his father moved into the Presque Isle country two years before, and had never met anything stranger than a wild turkey or a deer.

John was a brave, athletic boy of 14, quite noted in the settlement for his punctuality, and as sure to return as an express. As he left the door he noticed that it was one o'clock, and said in a jolly tone to his parents: "Now, for a race with the shadow; I shall be back before it reaches the two mark."

So many years ago the pioneer of the borders measured the flight of time by a sort of sun dial on the cabin floor. A spot was selected where, in clear days, the sun shone full through the narrow window, and when some officer having a watch was present, the line of the shadow made at noon by the perpendicular window-casing was drawn along the floor. Then the hours and half hours were spaced off on either side, the noon mark for the forenoon and afternoon. This kind of clock answered very well when the sky was clear, but in cloudy weather a settler's family was sadly adrift on the flood of time.

When the shadow had crept across the two mark, the mother noted it, and said to herself, "for once John is outdone." When half past two was reached she went to the door and looked for him; when the three mark passed she felt very anxious about him, and called to her husband who was in a field nearby. But their confidence in the young fellow's ability to take care of himself was such that they waited, though uneasily, until after four, when the father slung his gun across his shoulder and started up the path by which the absentee was expected.

Mr. King was a fine specimen of a border man, tall, strong, steady nerved, brave and intelligent. He was an experienced hunter and a successful Indian fighter. But now leave him, as with a cat-like step and a watchful eye he trends the belt of woods, let us go with John and discover the cause of his unusual delay.

He had done his errand, his aunt had stuffed his pockets with parched corn, and on his return he had reached a certain bend in the path where he had sat down on a mossy bank to tighten the strings of his coarse shoes. Just as the matter was finished, a noise caused him to look sharply among the trees, when he espied within a few rods, running toward him with tomahawk, an exceedingly large Indian. A glance was enough to start the lad to his feet and prompt him to his best speed for safety. But the warrior's position was such as to cut him off from the path to his home, or to his uncle's so that no way was left for him but to strike into the untrodden forest and run for life. He had gone but a little distance when he heard the step of his pursuer rapidly overtaking him, and knew that he could not escape by flight. And to aggravate his case, he saw at this instant, just before him, a large tree upturned by the roots and lying directly across his course.

His fate seemed sealed; every instant he expected to feel the edge of the battle-axe; and such a horror had he of the knife, and of having his scalp stretched over a hoop to dry, that he involuntarily put up his hand to save his head, a fact about which in after years, he used to laugh heartily. The tree, towards which desperation impelled the boy's feet, had grown into three parts, and as it fell the largest was uppermost, some six or seven feet high, and the other two directly underneath like the rails of a fence; while the great flakes of earth adhering to its roots made a cross section of wall two feet thick, a rod long, and ten or fifteen feet high. What a trap!

But as he came close to it he saw that the prongs, as they lay one under another, were far enough apart for him to slip between, which he instantly did, just in time to dodge a furious, but fruitless blow from the tomahawk.

The Indian perceiving that the place was too small to admit his huge body, swiftly sprang around the root, thinking to catch his victim on the other side. But the keen eyed lad was too wary for him. Detecting the red skin's purpose, like a flash he slipped back between the trees, so that when his blood-thirsty enemy dashed in sight with a yell, the barricade was still between them. At this the savage rushed to the fence, and placing his hand upon the upper tree, attempted to jump over, but the spring was too high for him. Then he tried to crawl through where John

had just gone, but found only room enough for his ugly head.

After a little he turned about, and saying in broken English, "Good-bye—me go 'way," walked slowly around the root and disappeared. The boy knew, however, that it was only a trick, and kept his eyes and ears alert against surprise.

Immediately he detected the snakish eyes of the savage gleaming at him from among the dry leaves on the ground at the corner of the root on the opposite side of the fence, where the old rascal had crept, in order to watch the youngster unscen.

After lying in this position for two or three minutes—only his head in sight and that covered with leaves—he made another terrible dash around the root. But John was too quick for him, and slipped safely between the logs.

Falling again the wicked redskin resorted to another ruse. He began to parley, saying: "Me good Injun—me no hurt. Shake hands!" And he thrust his hand through the barricade.—Of course he did not succeed in cheating the little fellow by such a shallow device, and so again changed his tactics.

Presenting his gun he commanded John to surrender or be shot; but he preferred to die by a bullet rather than a tomahawk, and so stood his ground.—Strangely enough, the Indian did not shoot; but after looking across the sights of the gun making fearful faces, he placed the weapon behind a tree some rods away, and resorted to the dodge of parleying once more.

"Injun hungry—good boy go home—get Injun bread."

But John did not think it best to start for home on such an invitation.

The next effort was to kill the lad by throwing his tomahawk at him between the trees, but he miscalculated the space and struck the weapon against the log, breaking out the handle, which, falling at John's feet, was immediately picked up by him as a means of defense.

One of the savage's devices, by which, perhaps, he meant to frighten his victim, was to place his hideous face at the opening between the logs, and howl and gnash at him like a wolf.

But the boy's courage had rallied, and he began to pelt his enemy with stones and lumps of earth obtained from the upturned soil, giving him many a stinging hit. This so maddened the Indian, that he drew his scalping knife and gave chase for along time, perhaps thinking to tire the youngster out by constant dodging. But in this plan he was mistaken, for a resolute hard-working frontier boy has a vast fund of endurance. Once the gleaming knife, thrust between the logs after him, came near doing its bloody work; but John's grit was aroused, and he struck the brutal hand a heavy blow with the tomahawk handle.

But the many turns and tides, tricks and dodges of that fearful struggle, can never be related. There are some scenes too tragical for words; besides the particulars are covered under the drift of forgetfulness ever heaping above the past.

Of course, during all that terrible afternoon, John's thoughts and eyes were constantly turning in the direction of his home. He knew that his father would seek him before night, and as the hours wore on he began to look with great anxiety for his coming. He had the common faith of all children in parents, and felt they would not leave him to perish.

At length he caught a glimpse of a form coming up the path. Oh, how his heart bounded!

With renewed force he began to hurl at his foe everything he could seize, raising such a commotion as to attract his father's attention, who comprehending the whole scene at a glance, and stole up within gunshot of the unsuspecting red man.

The sequel is soon told. The crack of the settler's rifle signaled the Indian's fate. The warrior's trinkets were taken as trophies; his gun having a bullet, but no powder in its chamber, could not be fired, thus explaining why he had not shot the boy when he had threatened to do so.

These trophies are still treasured by the grandchildren of our hero, who are justly proud of such an exploit.

The Indian's Test of Honesty.

AN OLD TRADER who had established himself at what happened to be a favorable locality among the North American Indians, tells a good story of his first trials with his red customers. Other traders had located in that same place before, but had not remained long. The Indians who evidently wanted goods, and had money and furs, flocked about the store of the trader, and carefully examined his goods, but offered to buy nothing. Finally the chief, with a large number of his tribe, visited him.

blanket for me, and that calico for squaw; three otter skins for blanket and one for calico. Ough! pay 'em by—to-morrow."

He received his goods and left. On the next day he returned with a large part of his band, his blanket well stuffed with skins of various kinds.

"Now, John I pay."

And with this he drew an otter skin from his blanket, and laid it on the counter. Then he drew a second, a third and a fourth. A moment's hesitation, as though calculating, and he drew out a fifth skin—a very rich and rare one—and passed it over.

"That's right, John."

The trader instantly pushed back the last skin, with:

"You owe me but four, I want only my just due."

The chief refused to take it, and they passed it several times back and forth, each one asserting that it belonged to the other. At length the dusky chieftain appeared to be satisfied. He gave the trader a scrutinizing look, and then stepped to the door and gave a yell, and cried to his followers:

"Come; come and trade with the paleface John. He no cheat Indian, his heart big."

Then turning back to the trader, he said:

"Suppose you take last skin, I tell my people no trade with you. We drive off like a dog, as we drive off others; but now you Indian's friend, and we be yours."

Before dark the trader was waist deep in furs, and loaded down with cash. He found that honesty had commercial value with the Indians.

A Life of Adventures.

THE Kansas City Times says: C. J. L. Cook, who is in the city, is a remarkable man. He has served under the flags of the United States, the Confederacy, Mexican, Austria, Egypt and Cuba, and is now on his way to Mexico to seek a fortune again. He is a native of San Antonio, Texas. His parents were Germans. In 1854 he was admitted to the West Point Academy. He was so young that his real age was concealed. He was not more than fifteen years of age. He graduated in 1858, was commissioned as second lieutenant of the Second Dragoons, and sent to the frontier. He later entered the service of the Confederate government on the staff of Stonewall Jackson, where he was chief of engineers. After Lee's surrender he accompanied John C. Breckinridge to Europe, but returned soon afterwards, and entered the Mexican service under Juarez.

At the close of the year 1865 he found himself in Mexico. Maximilian was on his last legs, and the American free lance felt no inclination to enter the imperial service. Making his way into Northern Mexico, he volunteered in General Escobedo's division in the Liberal army, and was promoted to the position of brevet brigadier general. With the success of the Liberal army he went to Europe, offered his services to the Austrian government, was assigned to service in the topographical engineer department, and went through the short and disastrous campaign which lost to Austria and gained to Prussia the control of the German States. In 1867 he entered the army of the Khedive of Egypt. Soon after entering the service he had a dispute with General Kirby Smith, which resulted in a duel, and his own resignation.

From Egypt he went East, and circumnavigated the globe. After his tour round the world, he went to Cuba, arriving there in July, 1868, where he opened a hotel and entered into the cultivation of tobacco. His hotel became the resort of the revolutionists. His sympathies being with the patriots, he was soon an object of suspicion, and finally his house was burned, and he barely escaped with his life. He made his way to the revolutionary army, where he did some fighting. He was one of the agents who went to New York to assist in raising funds and munitions of war. It was his fate to be one of the passengers on the ill-fated Virginia on her last trip to Cuba, and he was captured with the unfortunate Captain Fry and his crew, and taken to Santiago de Cuba. He was led forth with the doomed men of the Virginia to be shot, and he would certainly have been butchered with the rest had not Sir Walter Lambton Lorraine, of the British war ship Niobe, saved his life.—He claimed British protection, and was one of the two men on whom the British commander threw the English ensign.

Next, a schooner named C. J. L. Cook was purchased and placed under his command. She was loaded with war materials, and Cook started again for Cuba. This time he landed his cargo on the South coast of Cuba, at the base of the Sierra Maestra. He remained in Cuba and again entered into active service. It was his misfortune to be captured by the Spaniards, who caught

him asleep and disarmed him. In the struggle he wounded one of the Spanish soldiers, and so enraged the commanding officer that he had him stripped and beaten with an iron ramrod until his back was raw. They then dressed his wounds with salt and imprisoned him in irons in a filthy dungeon. He was recognized on his arrival in Havana, tried, and sentenced to be hung June 3, 1875. On the night before the day set for his execution he succeeded, by the aid of a Tennessean, named Adams, in obtaining a quantity of drugged wine, with which he drugged his four guards inside, and obtained the key to his shackles. He stabbed and killed two sentries, and made his escape to a schooner called the Carrie Mayo, upon which he was secreted in a hoghead.

Business of the Dead Letter Office.

The whole number of dead letters received at the Dead Letter Office during the year ending June, 1877, was 3,234,800, which is 349,944 less than the number received the previous year. Of these 2,004,863 were merely ordinary letters of no special importance, about half of which were returned to the writers, or forwarded to the persons for whom they were intended. This is a reduction of about 200,000 from the number received the previous year. There were 421,165 letters received, which were properly addressed, but on which the sender had neglected to put a stamp. The number of letters returned to the United States from foreign countries was 109,599, the persons to whom they were addressed not having called for them within 90 days, the time allowed. The number of letters sent to the Dead Letter Office containing money was 32,745; and the aggregate amount contained in them was \$51,957.31. This is a reduction from the previous year, when there were received 35,612 letters containing currency to the amount of \$54,721. Last year owners were found for 20,894 letters, inclosing \$37,950. The year previous the proportion was about the same.—The money is held in the Dead Letter Office for one year, to the credit of the writer, but at the expiration of that time it goes into the United States Treasury. Nearly \$1,400,000 was found in 13,941 letters, in the shape of drafts, certificates of deposits, bonds and other papers representing money. Of these, 11,601 letters, with inclosures valued at \$1,204,405, were returned to their owners. There were 261,356 letters that came in containing jewelry and other articles of intrinsic value. Of these, 141,126 were delivered to their writers with the inclosures. Over 27,000 letters were found to contain photographs, and over 38,000 contained postage-stamps. A great proportion of these were returned either to the writer or the person addressed.

Death of Two Men who Skinned a Carcass—A Third Ill.

Three East New York neighbors, Wm. Kramer, trustee of the German Catholic Church, J. Petersen and William Selan, found a dead cow near the gas works on the 16th of July, and proceeded to save the hide. The cow died of eating herbage covered with Paris Green, and although she had been running at large, contrary to law, and had broken into the garden where she was supposed to have met her death, the sentiment of the community was against the gentleman who had innocently poisoned her.

This feeling became very strong when Kramer died, on the 24th of July, of poisoned matter, by which he was inoculated through sores on his hands. He died in an unconscious condition, with his nerves very much affected by twitchings and muscular contortions. Dr. Fiergang, who had attended him only one day, declared that the symptoms were not those of arsenical poisoning, and gave it as his opinion that the cow died of a very malignant type of typhoid fever, which had inoculated Kramer more severely than his companions, owing to abrasions he had on his hands.

Petersen is yet alive, although he has been ill. William Selan, a Carpenter, forty-seven years of age, was sent to the Flatbush hospital about the 25th of July, and discharged on the 10th of August. On the 17th inst., he was received as a patient in St. Catharine's hospital, Williamsburg, and died of tetanus yesterday. The hospital staff watched the case as a peculiar one, and it is thought that Dr. Fiergang's diagnosis was partially correct.

The drinking saloons of Sacramento have odd names, and a knowledge of that fact renders intelligible the following report of a police officer to his Captain: "I looked in at the Hole in the Wall, but she wasn't there; then I prospected the Iron Jaw and the Woodpecker's Nest, but did not have any better luck. A fellow in the Calf Pen was sure he heard her singing as he went by the Frog Pond, but when I went there it was all a mistake. Just as I had about given it up as a bad job, I dropped into Blue Blazes and there she was."